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A CURIOUS COLLECTION OF SCOTS POEMS

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Ajax's

AJAX

HIS

SPEECH

TO THE

GRECIAN KNABBS;

From Ovid's Metam. Lib. XIII.

Confidere docet, & vulgi fautor eorum, &c.

Attempted in broad BUCHANS;

By R. F. GENT.

To which is added,

A JOURNAL to PORTSMOUTH;

and a SHOP-BILL,

In the same *Dialect*.

With a KEY.

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M,DCC,LXVII.

AJAX's SPEECH TO THE *GRECIAN* KNABBS.

THE wight an' doughty Captains a'
Upo' their doups sat down;
A rangel o' the common fouk
In bourachs a' flood roun.
Ajax bangs up, whase targe was finght
In seven fald o' hide;
An' bein bonden'd up wi' wraith,
Wi' stry face he ey'd
The *Trojan* shore, an' a' the barks
That tedder'd fast did ly
Alang the coast: an' razing out
His gardies, loud did cry:
O *Jove!* The cause we hear do pland,
An' unco' great's the staik;
But fall that fleeth *Ulysses* now
Be said to be my maik!
Ye ken right well, fan *Hector* try'd
Thir barks to burn an' scowder,
He took to spood o' fit, because
He cou'd na' bide the ewder.
But I, like birky, stood the brunt,
An' flocken'd out that gland
Wi' muckle virr, an' fyne I gar'd
The limmers take the speed.
'Tis better, then, the cause we try
Wi' the wind o' our wame,
Than for to come in hanny grips
At sik a driry time.
At throops I am na' fae perquire,
Nor auld-farren as he,
But at banes-braken, it's well kent,
He has na' maughts like me.

For as far as I him excell
In troublous fierce an' strong,
As far in cheft-craik he excells
Me, wi' his flockrel tongue.
My prouicks an' my doughty deeds,
O *Greeks!* I need na' tell,
For there's nane here but kens them well;
Let him tell himfell;
Which ay were done at glomin time,
Or dead hour o' the night,
An' deil ane kens except himfell;
For nae man saw the fight.
The ftalk indeed is unco' great,
I will confefs alway,
But, name *Ulyffes* to it anes,
The worth quite dwines away.
Great as it is, I need na' vauft;
I'm fair I hae nae neif
To get fat cou'd be ettl'd at,
By fik a menfleis thief.
Yet reuth o' honour he has got,
Ev'n tho' he gets the glaik,
Fan he's fae croun, that he wou'd try
To be brave *Ajax'* maik.
But gin my wightnefs doubted were,
I wat my gentle bleud,
As being fin to *Telamon*,
Right ficherly does plead:
Wha, under doughty *Hercules*,
Great *Troy's* walls down hurl'd,
An' in a tight *Theffalian* bark
To *Colchos'* harbour fwirl'd.
An' *Æacus* my gutcher was,
Wha now in hell fits jidge,
Where a fun-ftane does *Sifyphus*
Down to the yerd fair guidge.
Great *Jove* himfell owns *Æacus*
To be his ain dear boy,
An' fyne, without a' doubt, I am
The nieft chiel to his eye.
But thus in counting o' my 'etion
I need na' mak' fik din,

For

For it's well kent *Achilles* was
  My father's brither's son:
An' as we're cousins, there's nae fouth
  To be in eny swiddens;
I only seek sat is my due,
  I mean, sat was my brither's.
But why a thief, like *Sisyphus*,
  That's nidder'd fae in hell,
Sud have tak' sittiniment,
  Is mair nae I can tell.
Sall them thefe arms be deny'd
  To me, wha in this bruilzie
Was the first man that drew my durk,
  Came slaught-lord to the toolzie?
An' fall this fleeth come fayer hame,
  Wha was fae dev'lish fariy,
He scarce wou'd gee a fit frae hame,
  An' o' us a' was hurly!
An' frae the weir he did back heap,
  An' turn'd to us his fud;
An' gar'd the hale-ware o' us trow
  That he was gane clean wud.
Untill the fin o' *Neoptine*,
  Mair wiselo nae' himsell,
His jouky-pouky finding out,
  To weir did him compell.
Let him then now tak' will an' wile,
  Wha nane at firft wou'd wear,
An' I get baith the fkaith an' fcorn,
  Twin'd o' my brither's gear!
Becaufe I was the forewall man,
  An' fteid the hotteft fire,
Juft like the man that aught the cow,
  Gade deepeft i' the mire.
I wish the chiel he had been wud,
  Or that it had been trow'd;
That mither o' mischief had not
  To *Troy*'s town been row'd,
Syne, *Peean*'s fin, thou'd not been left
  On *Lemnos*' ifle to fkirle,
Where now thy groans in dowy dens
  The yerd-fast ftanes do thirle:

An'

An' on that fleeth *Ulyſſes* head
Sad curſes down does bicker;
If there be Gods aboon, I'm ſure,
He'll get them leel an' ſicker.
This doughty lad he was reſolv'd
Wi' me his fate to try,
Wi' poiſon'd ſtawps o' *Hercules*,
But 'Jaa! his bleed wis ſey.
Wi' ſickneſs now he's ſerter-like,
Or like a water-wraith,
An' hirplin' after the wil' birds,
Can ſcarce get meat or claith.
An' now theſe darts that weirdsel were
To tak' the town o' *Troy*,
To get meat for his gubb, he man
Againſt the birds employ.
Yet he's alive, altho' to gang
Wi' him he was ſu' laith;
If *Palamede* had been ſae wiſe,
He had been free frae ſkaith:
For he'd been livin' ti' this day,
An' ſlept in a hale ſkin,
An' gotten fair play for his life,
An' ſtan'd he had nae been.
Becauſe he proved he was nae wud,
He was ſae fu' o' fraud,
He ſtack'd na' till he gat the life
O' this poor ſakeleſs lad.
For to the *Grecians* he did ſwear,
(He had ſae great envy),
That gou'd in goupens he had got,
The army to betray.
An' wi' miſchief he was ſae gnib,
To get his ill intent,
He howk'd the gou'd which he himſell
Had yerded in his tent.
Thus wi' uncanny pranks he fights,
An' ſae he did beguile,
An' twin'd us o' our kneeſaft men,
By death and by exile.
Altho' mair gabby he may be
Than *Neſtor*, wiſe and true,

Yet few will fay, it was nae fau't
That he did him forhow.
Fan his poor glyde was fae mifchiev'd,
He'd neither ca' nor drive,
The lyart lad, wi' years fair dwang'd,
The traitor thief did leave.
Thefe are nae threeps o' mine; right well
Kens *Diomede* the wight,
Wha wi' fmell words him fair did fnib,
An' bann'd his cowardly fight.
The Gods, tho', look on mortal men
Wi' een baith juft and gleg:
Lo he, wha *Nefter* wou'd na' help,
For help himfel' does beg!
Then as he did the auld man leave
Amon' fae fierce a mennie,
The law he made, lat him be paid
Back juft in his ain cuinnie.
Yet fan he cry'd, O nieper's help!
I ran to tak' his part;
He look'd fae heave as 'gin a dwame
Had juft o'ercaft his heart.
For they had gi'en him fik a fleg,
He look'd as he'd been dazed,
For ilka' limb an' lith o' him
'Gainft ane anithir knotted.
Syne wi' my targe I cover'd him,
Fan on the yerd he lies,
An' fav'd his fmeerlefs faul; I think,
'Tis little to my praife.
But 'gin wi' *Hector* ye will bourd,
Come back, lad, to you place;
Lat *Trojans* an' your wonted fears
Stand glowrin' i' your face:
Syne flouch behind my doughty targe,
That yon day your head happit;
There fight your fill, fince ye are grown
Sae unco' crous an' cappit.
Fan I came to him, wi' fad wound
He had nae maughts to gang,
But fan he faw that he was fafe,
Right fouple cou'd he fpang.

Lo!

Lo! *Hector* to the toulzie came,
An' Gods baith fierce an' grim,
He flapped flanker fouk an' yon,
See fair they dreaded him.
Yet as he did o' slaughter vaul,
I ken'd him fit a bird,
As laid him arsiflus on his back,
To wamble o' the yerd.
Fan he spang'd on, rampag'd, an' skiff
That nane amang' us a'
Durst venture out upo' the loane
Wi' him to flink' a fa';
I dacher'd wi' him by myfell
Ye wish't it to my kevel,
Ah' gin ye sperr fa' gat the day,
We partid on a nevel.
Lo! *Trojans* fetch baith fire an' sweard
Amo' the *Grecian* barks:
Whare's eloquent *Ulysses* now,
Wi' a' his wily cracks?
I then a thousand ships did save,
An' muckle danger theil'd;
'Gin they'd burnt, de'll ane had seen
The land whare he wat feal'd.
But 'gin the truth I now durst tell,
I think the honour's mair
To them, than fat it is to me,
Tho' they come to my skair:
At least the honour equal is:
Then fat needs a' this din;
For *Ajax* them he does na' fink,
See fair as they do him.
Then lat *Ulysses* now compare
Rhesus an' maughtiest *Dolon*,
An' *Priam*'s fin, an' *Pallas*' phizz
That i' the night was stolen.
For de'll be-licket has he done,
Fan it was fair-fair days;
Nor without gaucy *Dieumede*,
Wha was his guide always.
Rather na' gi' him this propine,
For deeds that feckless are,

Divide them, and let *Diomede*
Come in for the best shair,
But fat ile will they be to him,
Wha is lodge nudge wi' wiles,
Without a gully in his hand,
The sneerlich fae beguiles!
The gowden helmet will fae glance,
An' blink wi' fayrie lowes,
That a' his wimples they'll find out
Fan i' the mark he throws.
But his weak head nae farruch has
That helmet for to bear,
Nor has he mergh intill his banes,
To wield *Achilles'* spear:
Nor his bra targe, on which is feast
The yerd, the fin, and lift,
Can well agree wi' his cair-clouck,
That cleikit was for thift.
Fat gars you then, mischievous tyke!
For this propine to prig,
That your fine bones wou'd lodged fair,
They are fae unco' big!
An' if the *Greeks* fud be fae blind,
As gi' you sik a gift,
The *Trojan* lads right soon wou'd dight
You like a futtie-haft.
An' as you ey by speed o' fit:
Perform ilk' doughty deed,
Fan laggart wi' this bonilesse graith,
You will spae half your speed.
Befides, your targe, in battle keen,
Bot little danger tholes,
While mine wi' mony a thudd is clowr'd,
An' thirl'd fair wi' holes.
But now fat need's for a' this din?
Let deeds o' words tak' place,
An' let your fleetness now be try'd,
Juft here before your face.
Let th' arms of *Achilles* brave
Amon' our fhare be laid,
An' the firft chiel that brings them back,
Let him wi' them be clad.

A JOURNAL FROM LONDON to PORTSMOUTH.

SIR,

I Wou'd hae written you lang 'ere now, but I hae been sae eident writing journals, that I hae been quite forfoughten wi' them: but de'il ane has gotten my mitten for as fair as I hae been nidder'd wi' them: Forsomever, sin we're speaking o' journals, I hap been sae baud as sen you a sample o' mine frae London to Portsmouth: an' first an' foremost there was three i' the coach for-by me: the first was a leifftenant o' a ship, a gaucy, fowck young fellow, an' as guid a plut-ale's man as 'ere hotched his fit at the coutchock o' a browster wife's bingle; he was well wordy o' the gardy-chair hill, or e'en to sit ben into the gudestue wy' the best blink i' the house: I believe an honester fellow never brack the neck o' a cortgi, nor cuttit a fang frae a hobbock, wi' a whittle that lies i' the quinzie o' the maun ower the cleikin. The second chiel was a thick, fetterel, fwown fellow, wi' a great chuller ower his cheeks, like an ill trimmed haggis: He's now gane back to London, an' I'm fear, gin ye'll tak' the pains to fin' him out, an' flay him belly-flaught, his skin wad mak' a gallant tulchin for you: but I canna say I had ony couth to wish the body ill, for he did gie me confetrin, only he consumed a hantle o' tobacco; for deil bellickit did he the hale gate but feugh at his pipe; an' he was sae browsted upon't, that he was like to smore us a i' the coach wi' the very ewder o't: but yet he was a fair gabby, [illegible] merry, and held us brawly out o' hunger bi' the [illegible]

The third was an auld, wizen'd, brave coloured carlin, a fad gyfard indeed, an' as hard as ony clittercap: We had been at nae great tinkal ayleid we had been wi' her; for diel a mark to her that e'er you saw: Tho' altho' you had seen her yourself, you wou'd na' have kent fat to mak' o' her, unless it had been a gyr-carlin, or to set her up amon' a curn air bear to fley awa' the ruickst Judge ye gin we had na' bonny company.

But there was something wae na' a' this yet, the diel a drap guid ale cou'd we get upo' the road; I wanna tell you fat diel was the matter wi't, gin the wort was blinket, or fat it was, but you ne'er saw fik puttry i' your born days; for it tafted fweet i' your mou, but fin anes it was down your wizzen, it had an ugly knaggin an' a wauch wa-gang: an' fyne the head o't was as yallow as bieft milk; it was enough to gi' a w[illegible] flamnack'd body a fkunner: but ye ken well enough that I was never verra ogertfu': but for a' that we came bravelies o' the road till we came within a mile of Gedlawin, a little townie upo' the road; an' fyne, on a faddenly, our great gillegapous fallow o' a coach-dout turn'd o'er our gallant cart amon' a heap o' fhivels an' peat-mark, an' flang her upo' her bred-fide i' the gutter: my fell happen'd to be newmoft, an' the great blubbirin carlin was riding hockirty-cockerty upo' my fhoulders in a hand-clap: for the wile limmer was fae dumm'd an' fou'd wi' eäuld, that fhe had neither fwiach nor mauchts for fhe tumbled down upo' me wi' fik a reimis, that fhe gart my head cry knoit upo' the coach-dore; I wat fhe raxed a nortick o' my crown, that was not well for twa d[illegible] By this time the gutters was comin' in at the coach-dore galore, an' I was lying fawin an' wamlin under luckymimmy, like a flurdy hoggie that had fallen into a puitpot, or a ftirkie that had flaver'd into a well-eye: Lord, man, I began to think be this time that my dilly mither wis near made, an' wad hae geen twice fourty-pounds to hae had the gowan oner my feet again; for, thinks I, gin the horfe tak' a brattle now, they may come to lay me in mittens, an' fling me yavil, an' as fyth as gin I had been elf-fhot: but the thing that angered me warft awa[illegible] to be fae fair guidg'd by a chanler-chafted, [illegible]

mak cantie: for, an it had been a tydie, cauldrife, forpit
prunewirth, I might hae chanc'd to get a wame o'hey,
an' gotten a ride on her cuse, gin she had been neigher
lazy but to mak' a lang tale short, I got out owre the wife,
an' clum out at the tither door o' the coach; an gin I had
been gain out at the hum o' a house that wanted haith
cruik an' rantle-tree. Soul man, ye may laugh at me fan
ye read this, but I wat it was na' mowt, for I was fidgen
fain an' unco' wachie fan I got out owre her, for as lang-
gart an' trachel'd as I wis wi' tawin anes' the dubs: I
believe, gin ye had seen me than (for it was just i' the
gloamin), flaskin about like a hallen-flasher, you wou'd
hae taen me for a water-wraith, or some gruesu ghaist;
but I'm feer you wou'd hae laughin fair, gin ye had seen
how the auld hag gloffed fan she fell down after I got
out owre her; however twa or three o's winnes'd the
wife, an' gat her out. Fan we wis a' out, the vile tra-
vesal flouth o' a coachman began to yark the poor beasts
sae, that you wou'd hae heard the touch o' jilka thud
afore it came down; but a this wou'd na' dee, lang-
tinnes the theets brak, and the fringle-trees flew in flin-
ders, as gin they had been as frush as hail-cuflacks:
syne like a thing mad wi'dirfies about we' us: at laft
wi' the fweaty [illegible], few to't flaught-bred, thinkin to
rake it in a wi'dins-flame; but foul we wis mifhaw, for
we cou'd na' hedge it: at the laft an' the lang, came up
twa or three footmin riding at the hand-gallop, garring
the dubs flie about them like fpean-drift, an' they feein
us tawin an' wunkin fae eident, fpeir'd fat wis the matter
wi' us: for fan they faw us a' in a hourich, they had fome
dread that fome mifhanter had befaln us; however they
wou'd na' take any finishment wi' our hufinefs, till we
fear'd gin they wou'd lend us a hand to winfree our
coach: foul the lads wis nae very drith o'drawin, but lap
in anes' the dubs in a hand-clap; I'm feer fome o' them
wat the fma' end o' their moggan: fyne we laid our
heads together, an' at it wi' virr: at laft, wi' great
pechin an' ftrain, we got it up with a pingle. By this
time it wis growing mark, an' about the time o' night
that the hoodies begin to gang, an' as I was in a fwither
fat to dee, I wou'd na' gang into the coach again, for fear

I shou'd hae gotten my horse clabbit out, or some o' my hanes broken or dung o-fingfar on the tither hand, I did na' care to fillyup' my quarts, for fear o' the beginnin' an' mair attour, I did na' care to bauble my new sheen; however the lieftenant an' I ventured o' the road: for ye ken well enough, we, bein' wet, wou'd soon grow davert to stand or sit eithes in the cauld that time o' night: an' we cou'd na' get a chiel to shew us the gait, alpuff we had kriesh'd his liv wi a fittlin; but, by guid luck, we entered browlies upo' the road, an' left the auld gabby early, an' the hadderon wife, to help the leethfu' leapit fleeth o' a cou-h-man to yoke his horse; for, mony a time did he tiel deil confound him frae neck to heel, or elfe fleet him fyth, that he might na' die o' drivin. O man, an ye had seen how laggert the auld fardein body wis afore he get the runk carlen hame to our lodgin; wae worth me but ye wou'd hae hard the poor hurlin beichs whaffin like a horse i' the strangle, a lang-lenth 'ere you came near them; an' fyne the auld wife complain'd for upon her banes, that you wou'd hae thought she had been in the dead-throw; in a weary bit o' pur she came in; guid faggs I was fay'd that she had tane the wytenouse, an 'inlaikit afore supper; for she fuddled a' like a klippert in a cauld day.

There happen'd to be i' the house wi' came to lodge in, three young giglet hissies, an' they were like to pish their houghs, fan they saw how blubber'd an' drenkit the poor weary-draggle wap fan they came in; for, ye wou'd hae thought that the yerd-need had been hoen upo' their faces. There wis ane o' the queans, I believe, had cadgy a lagen-gird; the tither wis a heave colour'd fuzzenish tapie, wi' a great hassick o' hair hingin in twa pennys about her hallats; she look'd for slaygrugous that a hoodie neen'd nae car'd to meddle wi' her, apiece they had been hir'd to do't; but the third wis a cauller fruck bit o' beef, as mirkie as mankin at the start, an' as wanton as a speenin lamb. I believe she was a leel maiden, an' I canna say but I had a kirnen wi' her, an' a kynd o' a harlin fancur for her; but did na' care for letting our browdens'd upon her at first, for fear she shou'd say that I was new-fangle; however I took her by the hough o' the

the gowdy, an' gar'd her lie down by me; but the bid me haud aff my hands, for I mifgrugled a' her apron, an' mishoggl'd a bit pocher-neuy: I canna' fay but I wou'd fain been content to hae a night o' her i' the hill-hass, altho' I had nae mair claife but a ftraing'd fallie, or a rinch plaidie to hap our hardies: but I had na' fet her well down by me, fan in came fik a rangle o' gentles an' a leithery o' hanniel flype at their tail, that, in a wattem, the houfe wis gaan like Lowren-fair; for you wou'd na' hard day nor deer; fyne the queans wis in fik a firry-farry, that they began to mifca ane anither like kail-wives, an' you wou'd hae thought that they wou'd hae flown in ither's witters in a hand-clape I wis anes gaan to fpeer fat wis the matter, but I faw a curn o' cumls like follows wi' them, an' I thought they were a frem't to me, an' fan they wight ate ither, as Towy's hawks did, for eny thing that I car'd; for, thinks I, an' I fhou'd be fae gnib as middle wi the thing that did na' brak my tacs, fum o' the chiels might lat a raught at me, an' gi' me a clawshewit to fnib me frae comin that gate agen. At laft ane o' the hiffies came an' fpeer'd at me gin I wou'd hae a bit o' a roftid grycie, or a bit o' a beann haun, (that is the hinder hurdies o' an auld forlne) for fipper; but ye ken well enough that I was never very browden'd upo' fwines flefh, fin my mither gae me a fortithie o't, 'at maift hae gi'en me the gulfach; an' fae I tauld her I rather hae the loosum o' an auld ew, or a bit o' a dead mowt. By this time, it wis time to mak the meal-an-bute, an' deel about the caflocks, but diel a word o' that cou'd I hear i' this houfe: well, thinks I, an' this be the gate o't, I'll better gang to my bed as i'm bodden: fan they faw that, they fent in fome fmachry or ither to me, an' a pint o' their feuds, as fowr as eny bladoch, or wigg that comes out o' the reem-kirn; for, they thought eny thing might fair a peer body like me: but the leave o' the gentles wis drinkin wine a'fouth, tho' I might nae fa that: But, to mak' an end o' a lang ftory, I made fhift to mak' a fipper o't, an' gaed to my bed like a guid bairn, an' the nicht mornin they had me up afore the fky, an', I believe, afore the levrick or yern-bliter began to fing, an' hurl'd me awa to Portfmouth.

Gin

Gin ye like this plain & my journal, I dare say I'll fin you a weekly journal, to call I blaws throughs but my fingers are fae dazed wi' the caulds that I canna write langer at this time; but fan this comes to hand, I hope you'll be fae kind as let us hear fras you. Adieu dry lips, we fall drink fan we meet.

A SHOP-BILL.

TO ilka a body be it kend,
Frae John a-Groats to the Lands-end,
That, fras this day, I do intend,
some shanks to fell;
This is my bill, to you I send
that it may tell.
That if you chance for me to spier,
I'll fit you weel wi' doughty gear,
That either knabbs or lairds may wear,
and ladies too,
For ilka feafon i' the year
as ye shall see.
An' faft, o'hafe I have o' fouth,
Some fras the north, some fras the fouth,
An' some o' our ain quintry growth,
baith grue an' ruffet,
Wi' different clocks; but yet in truth
we ca' it guffet.
An' mair attour, I'll tell you trow,
That a' the noggens are bra-new;
Some worfted are o' different hue,
an' some are cotton,
That's fatter far na' ony woo,
that grows on mutton.
But if some lads shou'd stand in need,
Of shanks that are for simmer weed,
I'll fit them wi' the beft o' threed,
or white or brown,

That

That may well fair the greatest blood
in a' the town,
The muckleſt man, he may be fitted
Wi' hoſe that's either wove or knitted,
An', gin he like, he's get them fitted,
or brown or black;
We'll gar him ſay, he's nae outwitted,
ſan he comes back.
The porter, car-man, or ſervant lad,
That ca's the beſt wi' ſap or gad,
May come to me, where may be had,
for their nain wear,
The ſtarkeſt hoſe that can be made,
an' yet nae dear.
For wary-dreggle, or ſharger elf,
I hae the gear upo' my ſhelf,
Will make them ſoon lay down their pelf,
ſan anes they ſee,
That they wi' eaſe can fit themſelves,
an' deal wi' me.
Frae ladies to a ſervant wench,
I can well fit them every inch,
An' if they're ſhy'd that they ſhou'd pinch;
I'll try them ane
Perhaps I may their greening ſtretch,
'ere I hae done.
Red, blue, an' green, an' likewiſe pearl,
I hae to fit the little girl;
An' ſome for thoſe that tak' a tirle
amo' the ſheets,
Wi' mony a bony tirly-wirle
about the queets.
The ladies that do tak' their pleaſure,
An' wi' true travel win their treaſure,
If that they hae ſae muckle leiſure
on me to call,
I'll fit exactly to their meaſure,
baith great an' ſmall.
Beſides I'd hae you underſtand,
That I hae caps upo' demand,
An' gloves, likewiſe, to hap the hand
aff frem't an' ſib.

An'

An' naphins, as good's in a' the land,
to dight your nib.
Now, by my bill you plainly see,
That great an' fma can fitted be:
Come then flock ſtraught-bred unto me,
an' buy my ſh-nks,
You may be ſure that I will gi' ye
a wuſſid o' thanks.
I likewiſe tell you by this bill,
That I do live upo' Tower-hill,
Hard by the houſe o' Robbie Mill,
juſt i' the nuik,
Ye canna' miſt whene'er you wyll,
the ſign's a buik.
O! ſi nunc juvenes & puellæ,
Wou'd flock in like *micantes ſtellæ,*
Tum mihi ſuavius erit mellæ,
when, frae the thrang,
The clink that haps baith back and belly,
I tell ding-dang.
Sed denique, it is uncommon,
To ſend a bill that mentions nb man;
Ut ſuum huicce ſtudy ſuum,
ſi natura velit,
Simmer an' winter, *hoc oſt unum,*
I mean SOM FORBES.

A K E ?

A KEY OR,

Explanation of the hard Words contained in AJAX's Speech and the Journal.

Alphabetically digested.

A TRY	Stern, grim
Arfeiling	Backwards
Alaguft	Sufpicion
Anter'd	Saunter'd, hit upon
Alegrugous	Grim, ghaftly
Bourocks	Rings, circles
Bouzen'd	Swell'd
Brulzie	Scuffle, quarrel
Bicker	Rattle
Batie	Maftiff
Bourd	Meddle, contend with
Brive	Rays, beams
Bookfome gruffh	Bulky accoutrements
Beaked	Warm'd
Ben-inno	Within, beyond
Bink	A feat of plaifter
Browden'd	Fond, enamour'd
Blinket	Sowr'd, fpoil'd
Bleft milk	Milk of a new calv'd cow
Budge	Stir, move
Boodies	Ghofts, Goblins
Briganers	Robbers, thieves
Buchle	Wrench, diftort
Burfen belchs	Breathleſs wretches

Blaſtoch

Bladoch	Butter-milk
Chaft-tauk	Talking, prattling
Crous	Bold, stout
Cuinie	Coin
Cappit	Touchy, quarrelsome
Cair-cleuck	Left hand
Cleikit	Caught in the fang
Coutchack	Clearest place of the fire
Chuller	Double chin
Conseirin	Considering
Connach'd a hantle	Spoil'd much
Curn air-bear	Parcel of early barley
Cuffen a lagen-gird	Bore a child
Camla-like	Sullen, surly
Clamshewit	Stroke, a drubbing
Dowy	Dismal
Dwang'd	Bow'd, decrepid
Dwame	Qualm, fainting
Doited	Stupified
Dird	Thump, box
Dacker'd	Engaged, grappl'd
Deil-be-licket	Nothing
Dozen'd	Benumb'd
Dilly meiller	Made an end of: last meal made of the crop
Ding me yavil	Lay me flat
Drich	Slow, slack
Dung a-smash	Beat to powder
Davert	Cold, benumb'd
Dwinin	Lingering illness
Drouhit	Bedaub'd, besmear'd
Ewder	Blaze, scorching heat
Ettled at	Aim'd at
'Etion	Kindred, genealogy
Eident	Busy, diligent
Ettercap	Venemous spider, a wasp
Fittinimment	Concern, footing in
Flaught-bred	Brifkly, fiercely
Farer ben	Be more favour'd
Fud	Tail, backside
Fey	Doom'd to die
Ferter-like	Like a little fairy

Furlow

Furhow	Forſake
Fleg	Fright
Foal'd	Born
Fair-fair-days	Broad day-light
Feckleſs	Of no effect, value
Farrach	Strength, ſubſtance
Futtle-haft	Handle of a knife
Forfoughten	Fatigu'd, toil'd
For-by me	Beſides me
Fang	Slice
Flay belly-ſlaught	Skim'd over head, like a hare
Feugh	Whiff
Flinders	In pieces, ſplinters
Freugh	Frail, brittle
Fierdy	Fierce, ſtout
Forlethie	Surfeit
Gardies	Arms
Glomin time	Twilight
Glaik	Cheat
Gutcher	Grand-ſire
Gnidge	Squeeze, preſs down
Gou'd in goupins	Gold in handfuls
Gnib	Ready, quick
Glyde	An old horſe or aver
Gleg	Bright, ſharp
Glowrin	Staring
Gully	Weapon
Glacked my mitten	Put caſh in my hand, gratified me
Gaucy	Jolly, plump
Gardy-chair	Elbow-chair
Gyſard	Harlequin, diſguiſ'd
Gillegapous	Half-witted, crack-brain'd
Galore	Plenty
Gruous ghaiſt	A grim, griſly ghoſt
Gloff'd	Shiver'd
Gulſach	Jaundice
Hanny-gripe	Cloſe grapple
Hurly	Laſt
Hale-ware	Whole
Hirplin	Clenching, halting
Howk'd	Digg'd

Haave	Pale, wan
Happit	Skreen'd, cover'd
Hudge-mudge	Secretly, underhand
Huderen	Hideous, ugly
Hallen-ſhaker	Sturdy-beggar
Harns	Brains
Haſſick	A great Beſom
Haffets	Chops, cheeks
Hurdies	Buttocks, hips
Hanziel-ſlype	Uncouthly dreſſed ugly fellow
Jidge	Judge
Jouckry-pauckry	Roguery, tricks
Ingle	A ſtrong fire
Inlakit	Died, breath'd her laſt
Kneeſeſt	Keeneſt, briſkeſt
Knoited	Claſh'd
Kavil	Lot, ſhare
Kebback	A big cheeſe
Knaggin	*Goat*, by-taſte
Kreiſh'd his liv	Greaſ'd his loof, his palm
Klippert	A ſhorn ſheep
Kirnen	Familiarity
Lift	Firmament
Langel	Entangle
Laggert	Encumber'd
Leethſu'	Loathſome, dirty
Leepit	Meagre, thin
Lucky-minny	Grandam
Lay up my mittens	Beat out my brains
Liethry	Croud
Lowren-fair	A great fair in Aberdeen-ſhire
Lat a raught	Aim a ſtroke
Leomen	Leg
Maik	Match, equal
Muckle virr	Great force
Maughts	Might, ſtrength
Menſleſs	Greedy, covetous
Man	Muſt
Menzie	Croud, throng
Maughtleſs	Weak, ſickly
Mergh	Marrow
Maun	Bread-baſket

Sport	Sport, jeſt
Skelter	Differ
Skirky as muskin	Merry as a hare
Skirpl'd	Rumpl'd, handl'd roughly
Skraggl'd	Spoil'd, put awry
Skrae-as-bree	ſcrags, ſhrubs
Skuf	Difficulty, doubt
Skudler'd	Plagu'd, warmly handled
Skypers	Neighbours
Skyte	A box, or blow with the fiſt
Slewmaſt	Nethermoſt, beneath
Slockit	A lump, ſwelling
Oye	Grand-child
Ogertſh'	Nice, ſqueamiſh
Pinticks	Warlike deeds, atchievements
Pixie	Image, the *Palladium*
Propine	Gift, preſent
Prigg	Importune, ſue for
Pallach	Fat and ſhort, like a porpoiſe
Paltry	Vile trash
Peat-mow	Peat-droſs, duſt
Pechin	Puffing, breathing hard
Pingle	Difficulty, hardly
Quinie	Corner
Raxes	Ancles
Rought	Croud, *cœtus-gathrum*
Rowth	Plenty, wealth
Raiks	Crows
Raisle	Rumble, roar
Rantle-tree	End of a raft or beam
Riech plaidie	Dun ill-coulour'd plaid
Slaught	Sunk, covered
Stalk	Stake, prine
Sloath	Sloven
Sowder	Set on fire
Slacken'd	Quench'd
Swirl'd	Sail'd
Scouth	Room
Swithers	Doubt, heſitation
Skirle	Howl, ſhreik
Skrogs	Ruſty darts
Sakleſs	Helpleſs, forſaken

Snell

Scaff	Bitter, sharp
Scib	Chaffed, frighten'd
Scouring	Scaffold, thoroughfare
Supple	Supple, agile
Spang	Spring
Shak a fa'	Wrestle, grapple
Swack	Nimble
Settarel	Thick-set, dwarfish
Swown	Swell'd
Smore	Smother, cheak
Scunner	Loathing, forfeit
Shirrels	Turf
Stwdy	Giddy, afflicted with a vertigo
Stirkin	Young steer or Quey
Staver'd	Stagger'd
Sough	Sound
Spout-drift	Driving snow
Silp	Sculk, walk
Shot flyth	Shot flark dead
Spring'd fallin	Old tartan plaid
Smachry	Trash
Tedder'd	Anchor'd
Threaps	Allegations, falsehoods
Toulzies	Battles, engagements
Thirle	Thrill, pierce
Thol'd	Suffer'd, endur'd
Tyke	Dog
Thudd	Stroke, box
Tulchin	Budget
Tinfil	Loss
Tawin	Wrestling, tumbling
Tydie	Plump, fresh
Trachl'd	Fatigu'd
Tarvel	Ill-natured, fretful
Vaunt	Brag, vaunt
Weir	War
Wierded	Determin'd, foretold
Wamble	Tumble
Wimples	Cunning, wiles
Wizen'd	Wither'd, dry

Wizen	Throat
Waugh wa-gang	A very disagreeable by-taste
Warth ſtarnack'd	Tender or watry ſtomach'd
Winfree'd	Raiſed from the ground
Widderſins	Backwards, contrary to the courſe of the ſun
Widden-dream	All of a ſudden, with a vengeance
Whoflin	Blowing, breathing hard
Weaven	Moment
Wytnoſh	Trembling, chattering
Witters	Threats, falſe foul of one another
Yevled	Buried
Yerd	Earth
Yark	Strike, whip
Yerd-meal	Earth mould, church-yard duſt
Yorn-bitter	A bird called a Snipe

THE DOMINIE DEPOS'D;

OR,

SOME REFLECTIONS

On his Intrigue with a young LASS, and what happened thereupon: Interspers'd with Advice to all School-masters, Precentors, and Dominies on *Dio-fide*.

By WILLIAM FORBES, A. M. late School-master at *Peterculter*.

With the SEQUEL.

THE PREFACE.

If this offend when you perufe,
Pray Reader, let this me excufe;
Myfelf I only here accufe,
Who am the caufe
That e'er you had this piece of verfe
To fpill your farfe.

For had I right the gully guided,
And with a wafe myfelf provided,
To help me ftraw that Wee befide it,
That's beft to do,
I'd ftaid at home, or near befide it;
Now that's true.

Be wifer then, and do what's right,
And mind your bufinefs with delight,
Left unexpected gloomy night
May you furround,
And mingle all your pleafures bright
With grief profound.

And, bonny laffes! mind this rhyme,
Tho' true as three and fix make nine,
If ye commit ye ken what crime,
And turn unwell,
The'll fomething wamble in your wame,
Juft like an eel.

THE DOMINIE DEPOS'D.

PART I.

SOME Dominies are so Mafs'd,
That o'er the dyke themselves they cast,
They drink, and rant, and live so fast.
This drives them on
To draw a weapon at the lak,
That sticks Mafs John.

Thus going on from day to day,
Neglecting for to watch and pray,
And teach the little-anes *A, B, C,*
And Pater Noster,
Quite other thoughts our Letterpat
Begins to foster.

For, laying aside baith fear and shame,
They fyly venture on that game,
All-Fours, I think, they call't by name,
Bibb cold and rife,
That in the play Mafs John is slain
With his own knife.

It's kend; therefore, I will not strive
My doughty deeds for to deceive,
A lightsome life still did I drive,
Did never itch,
By out and in abouts to thrive,
Or to make rich.

I never laid it up in store,
Into a hole behind the door;
A shilling, penny, less or more,
I did it scatter,

&c.

It's just now I should drink thereafter,
Milk this or water;
I never fcorner money got,
But all my pouches it would plot,
And fcorch them fore, it was fae hot;
Then to get clear
Of it, I fweel'd it down my throat,
In ale or beer.
Thus, all my failing was my glafs,
And, ance to pleafe a bonny lafs,
I, like a filly amongst aft,
Drew forth my gully.
And thro' and thro' at the firft paft,
Ran Mr *Willy*.
So for this mad, tho' merry fit,
I was fore vex'd and fure'd to flit,
They plagu'd me fo with pay and fit;
Quoth they, you thief,
How durft you try to fteal a bit
Forbidden beef?
O then I humbly plead that we
Would make it you continual vow,
With hearts fincere and open as,
You'd often pray,
A talli malo libera nos,
O Domine.
For, hark I'll tell you what they think,
Since I left handling pen and ink,
Wae worth that weazy fup of drink
He lik'd fo well!
He drank it a', left not a clink
His throat to fweel,
He lik'd ftill fitting on his doup,
To view the pint or cutty-ftoup,
And fometimes laffes over-coup
Upo' their heels,
This made my lad at length to loup,
And take his heels.
Then was it not a grand preſumption,
To call him Doctor of the function?
He dealt too much in barley-unction
For his Profeſſion,

He

He never took a gude inclination
True kirk or faflion,
And to attend he was nae willing,
His fchool, fo long's he had a fhilling,
But lov'd to be where there was filling
Good punch or ale;
For him to rife was juft like killing,
Or fark to fail.

His fifhing-wand, his fhifhin-box,
A fowling-piece to fhoot muir-cocks,
And hunting hares thro' crags and rocks,
This was his game,
Still left the young anes, fo the fox
Might weary them.

When he committed all thefe tricks,
For which he well defery'd his licks,
With red-coats he did intermix,
When he farefaw
The punifhment the kirk inflicts
On fouks that fa',

Then to his fhift he bid adieu,
When with his tail he flap'd his mou',
He chang'd his coat to red and blue,
And, like a fot,
Did the poor clerk convert into
A *Royal Scot*.

And now fouks uſe me at their wills,
My name is blown out o'er the hills,
At banquets, feafts, all mouths it fills,
'Twixt each Heve's tf' thee,
'Tis fere trafhe'd at kills and mills,
And common fmithy.

Then Dominies, I you befeech,
Keep very far from *Bacchus'* reach,
He drowned all my cares to preach
With his mafe-bree,
I've wore fair bones by mony a bleach
Of his tap tree:

If *Venus* doth polifh your mind,
Her antieks ten times worfe you'll find,
For to ill tricks fhe's fo inclin'd;
For proficks paft,

She

She blew me hame before the wind
Close to her cost?
Within years less than half a dizzen,
She made poor *Maggy* lye in prison,
When little *Jock* broke out of prison
On guid Yule-day,
This of my quiet cut the wizzen,
When he was gae.

Let Readers, then, take better heed,
For fear they kill more than they wed,
In case they wear the fashion-weed
For fornication,
Or leave the Priest-craft dost a-dead
For procreation.

The maist of them, like blind and lame,
Have no aversion to the game;
But better 'twere to take her hame,
Their pat to cook,
And teach the boys to wind a theme,
And mind their book.

Then may they sit at hame, and plenish
Themselves with gathering in their fish,
Whilst I maist face wind roughie,
Or blaw my dock;
There's odds 'twixt handling pose with ease
And a fushnok.

So shall they never mount the flood,
Whereon the laffes greet and howl,
Tho' de'il a tear scarce fair or foul
Comes o'er their cheeks;
Their mind's not fleste, 'tis fleecing wool,
Or mending breeks.

The Kirk then pardons no such jests,
They maist tell down good five pound Scots,
Tho' they should pledge their petticoats,
And gae asse-bare;
The least price there is twenty groats,
And pregging fair.

If then the lad dest not her woo',
Poor *Meg* some feipend mare maun find,
Her minny crooks her mou' and dow
They fart and fling;

Wad

Wou'n me that e'er I meddle the kail."
Thus does he sing
Thus for her misbehaud he mourns,
Bewailing what is past;
Her pitcher's dash'd against the stones,
And broken is at last.

PART II.

ALL maids, therefore, I do beware,
Betwixt the rivers *Dee* and *Dun*,
If once they get a' lick o' you,
Tho' by the laird,
The say-mutch mums then gae on,
Nae mair bare-hair'd.

Yet wantin *Venus*, that fal-lilch,
Does all our lasses fa' bewitch,
And frets our blood with sic an itch,
That oftentimes
There is no help but to commit
Some ill-fav'd crimes.

Yet some they are sa very willing,
At any time they'll take a shilling,
But he that learn's them first the spelling,
Or *Meg* or *Nell*,
Be sure, to him they'll lay an egg in;
This lesson can tell.

Unthinking things! it is their creed,
If some such things be done with speed,
They're safe, 'tis help in time of need,
No after-claps;
Tho' nine months oft bring quick or dead
Into their laps.

Experience thus makes me speak,
I once was hooked with the cleek,
And almost had bobbit my breek,
When *Maggy* told,
That, by her saul, not even a week
Young *Jock* would hold.

She

She was so stiff she could not bink;
Your parts, she says, are now found out,
The link and you nieum ha'e a bout;
Ill mint ye fare!
Tis a' your sin, you need not doubt,
Ilk bill and bait.

Alas! that e'er I saw your face,
I canna longer hide the cafe:
Had I foreseen this sad disgrace,
Nae nain, nor you,
Should e'er ha'e touch'd my fit a place,
Or kiss'd my mou'.

O Dominie, you're disposed,
You have bahit your holy nofe,
The world fees you have transgrest,
I'm at my time,
You dare no move now, do your best,
Let gae the rhime.

Ohon! how well I might have kent,
When first to you I gave consent,
With me to make your marriage,
How a' would be;
Alas! that e'er my heart I lent
That day to thee.

Wo to the night I first began
To mix my maggans with thine, man!
'Tis needless now to curse or ban,
But ye'll ha'e me,
You'll pay and fit for fit-up-can,
And that you'll fee.

I heard her as I heard her not,
But time and place had quite forgot,
I guess'd my place was in the pot;
For I could tell,
It was too short her petticoat,
By half an ell.

With bladder'd cheeks and watry nofe,
Her weary flowy she did clofe;
I fold the bell, and off I goes
Just like a thief,
And took a glafs to interpofe
'Twixt mirth and grief.

Yet

About me then there was a [illegible]
They fought me out through thick and thin,
With de'il ha'e her, and de'il ha'e him,
He's o'er the dyke;

Our Dominie has now dang in
His arle a pike.

You my well judge I was right fweer,
This uncouth meeting to draw near,
Yet forc'd I was for to appear,
Somewhat perplex'd;

But liften how, and ye fhall hear,
The laft me vex'd.

The carlings Maggy had fo cleaked
Before young Jock was rightly hooked,
They made her twice as little booked;
But to go on,

O then! How like a fool I looked,
When I faw John.

The cummer then came to me hent,
And gravely did my fee prefent,
She bad me kifs him, be content,
Then wifh'd me joy;

And told it was what luck had fent,
A waly boy.

In ilka member, lith and limb,
Its mouth, its nofe, its cheek, its chin,
'Tis a' like dady, juft like him,
The very tift,

Tho' it look'd eanlard, four and grim,
As ony elf.

Then whifpering low to me he harked,
Indeed your hips they fhould be yarked,
No more Maft John, for dare you clark it;
Faith you ha'e ca'd

Your hogs unto a bonny market,
Indeed, my lad!

But tell me, man, I fhould fay mafter,
What muckle de'il in your way chas'd her;
Lowns baith! but I think I ha'e plac'd her
Now on her tide,

My coming here has not difgrac'd her,
At the Yule-tide.

And for yourself, you [illegible]
Hereafter ever on a [illegible]
Your mou about the [illegible]
You've play'd the fool,
Another now yeir pat [illegible]
And you the fool.
She hann'd her faul, and [illegible]
In the kirk-book it [illegible]
And thus the weary [illegible]
Will fit where he will [illegible]
By dogs, some day.
She wrung her hands [illegible]
And failly me he fann'd [illegible]
Ah man! the prieſt, how will he tak' it,
When he hears tell,
How Maggy's mitten ye he's plaiket,
To lick yourſel!
The fellow-clark to play ſuch prankies!
You'll fand, I fear, upon your ſhankies,
And may be flaver in the brankies;
It could not mill,
But lifting Maggy's [illegible]
Would come to this.
A toothleſs Hizzy, auld and rough,
Says, Cummer, hallo, we ha'e enough,
Think mony ane has tyn'd the plough,
Ah guid ah he,
And yetch gane backlenth o'er the bough,
Shee let him be.
Heth not the ſirſt, tho' heth hook-lear'd,
That you hes what they have creept near't,
For you and I hath oftimes heard
Of nine or ten,
Who, thuth the clergy hath forſwear'd
With their own pen.
The auld men'd wives then did me taunt,
Tho' a' was true, I needs muſt grant;
But ae thing mainly made me faint,
Poor Meg lay ſtill,
And look'd as looſome as a ſaint
That knew nae ill.

That

Then all the gipleta young and gundy,
Swore by their fauls I might be wundy,
For getting fik a lufty lade,
God fave the chief!
But O! thought I, the fiscal and fundy
Wou'd fit him well.

Thus every wife her verdict had,
'Bout *Maggy's* being brought to bed,
I thought my fill, yet little faid,
Or had to fay,
To reap the fruit of fik a trade
On good Yule-day.

What fometimes in the mou' is fweet,
Turns bitter in the wame;
I grumbl'd fair to get the gate,
At fik a nierry time.

PART III.

NOW *Maggy's* tribefore in a fwarm,
A council held concerning the loun,
The cuffle-muffle thus went roun',
Our bonny clark,
He'll get the deal and fackin gown,
That ugly fark.

Conſider, Sirs, now this his crime,
'Tis not like her's, or your's, or mine,
He's juſt next thing to a divine,
And now 'tis odd,
Sik men ſhould a' their ſenſes tine,
And fear of God.

'Tis ſtrange what makes kirk-folks ſo ſtupid,
To make or meddle with the ſpecie,
Or mint to preach in ſik a pupit;
The ſenſeleſs fools
Far better for them hunt the cuttie,
Or teach their ſchools.

They hunt about frae houſe to houſe,
Juſt as a taylor hunts a louſe,

Still

Still giving us the barley-juice,
And ale gat drunk,
They plump into some open sluice,
Where all is sunk.
A plague upo' that ill o' mault,
That dreary drink is a' their fault,
It made our Dominie to halt,
The tent fulfil,
Which bids cast out the foolish sant
On the dung-hill.
They are so fud, they lye so fast,
They are so hain'd, they grow so dast;
This breeds ill wilks, ye ken fu' aft,
In the black coat,
Till poor Mess *John*, and the priest-craft
Gets a' the pet.
I told them, then, it was but wicked
To add affliction to th' afflicted,
But to it they were so addicted,
They fell, therefore,
The clout about me would be pricked
At the kirk-door.
But yet nor kirk nor conscience,
Quoth they, can ilk the tawdy fee;
Tell them in words, just cuts or three,
The de'il a pluck,
For tarry-breeks should ay go free,
And he's the clerk.
I then was dumb; how was I griev'd!
What wou'd I gi'en to been reliev'd!
They us'd me worse than I had thiev'd;
Some strain'd their lungs,
And very loud they me deliver'd
With their ill tongues.
Had you been there to hear and see,
The manner how they guided me,
And greater penance who could dree?
A Lettergae
With such a pack confin'd to be,
On good Yule-day,
Young *Jock* with shirls he pierc'd the skies,
I pray'd that death might close his eyes,

But

But did not meet with that surprise,
To my regrete,
She had no help, but up that chiel
That drinks to get.
This laid her din; the drink wis thick
And to't they gaed with cheek and chin,
And wives whase nature
With bread and cheese,
They birl'd fa' fast at
To gar them ease.
They call upon me, then, Dickie,
Come tune your fiddle, play us
Jigg or hornpipe, nae
My bonny cock!
The kirk and you must
About young Jock.
Play up, So merry as ye
Or, Wat ye what ye
Or, Loth will ye lend me
Or
Or, Gin the kirk wad
Or
Such tunes as thefe, you
They called for, ill
Play, cries the
The wanton tawdy,
Who did the Deinsie
Just hinds o'er gowdy.
Of music I had little skill,
But as I could, I play'd it ill,
It was my beft to fhow good-will:
Yet a' my drift
Was, beft how I might win the hill
The wives to fhift.
The Letterpye thus play'd the fool,
And fhifted the repenting ftool,
To kirk and fellows like good-day,
When o'er the hills and far away.

The

SEQUEL.

NOW loving friends I have you left,
You know I neither ſtole nor rob'd,
But when I found my ſelf bereft
In a young *York*,
I did reſolve to change the haſt
For that milkſh.

And reaſons more I had anew,
For I had neither horſe nor cow;
My ſtock took wings, and off it flew,
So all was gone,
And de'il a ſtie had I was now,
Except young *Jute*,

Too oft, my thirſty throat to cool,
I went to viſit the punch bowl,
Which makes me now wear reddiſh wool
Inſtead of black;
Or I muſt foot the cutty-ſtool,
With de'il a plack.

The chappin-ſtoup, the pint and gill,
Too oft I cauſed for to fill,
Ay loving thoſe who cou'd ſit ſtill,
And weet the mouth,
Ne'er minding that the *Yalle-hill*
Leads people ſouth.

O! but that loving laird *Kingſmills*,
My bleſſings flow till his feet ſwells,
Long life to him what e'er befalls,
God be his guide,
He's cur'd a thouſand thirſty ſauls,
And mine beſide.

O had I but thoſe days again,
Which I ſo freely ſpent in vain,
I'd ſtrive ſome better for to ken,
What future chance
Should blow me here out o'er the main,
And ſo near *France*.

But ſince I'm off ſo many a mile,
There's nothing got without ſome toil,

I'll

I'll walk[illegible] cruft Fortune, nere stay frafh,
Come want, come wealth,
And take a pint in the mean time,
To Bolder's health.
So for a time, friends, fare ye well,
My pot companions, true and leal,
I wish you all a merry Tide,
Much mirth and glee,
No more young Souls into this cruel
That day for me.

Bolero.

POLEMO-MIDDINIA,

INTER

* Vitarvam & † Nebernam.

CARMEN MACARONICUM,

Auctore GUL. DRUMMONDO,

Ab HAWTHORNDEN.

NYMPHÆ, quæ colitis highlliest montis Hillos,
Seu vos Pittenweemi tempe, seu Crailæ crofta,
Sive Anstruæ domos, ubi nat haddocus in undis,
Codlinsque ingens, ubi flounis & flatus gurnetus
Per cadum, & lampidis lobber monstrosus in undis
Creuset, & in undis bath volitantes undis:
Et vos skipperii, fishi qui per mare heedlum
Valde procul lanchare fortis, iterumque redire,
Linquito finlintas bottas, skippesque pinatas,
Whitlantesque suos fechtum remeorate bloodeum,
Fechtum terribilem, quem marvellaverat omnis
Banda Deum, quoque Nymphorum cockleshellarum,
Maia ubi sunspikis, & sil-gaudera Rosa
Swellant in pelago, cum Sol hoatatus Eoum
Postabat, radiis caddis & flouribus aris.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Quo viso, ad fechtæ noisam cecidere volucres,
Ad terram cecidere grues, plilpisaque dolore
Solgoosa in pelago prope littora Brunstillana;
Sea-fatar obdupsit, fumoque in margine sui
Scartavit pralusive caput, wingasque flappavit.
Quodque magis, alte volitans heronius ipse
Ingemuans clig-cleg medlis shitavit in undis.

F Namque

* *The Lady Scotstarvet.* † *The Lady Newbarns.*

Namque a principio furiam tellabimus omnem
Machrellum ingentem turbam Vitarva per agros
Neberus marchare facit, & dixit ad illos,
" Jus hodie emisti greppis, drivate caballos
" Neberus per croftas, atque ipsas ante fenestras.
" Quod si forte ipse Neberus venerit extra,
" Warrantabo omnes, & vos bene defendibo."
Ille adhuc Geordy Allenderius, & Rob Littlejohnus,
Et Jamy Richeus, & stout Michel Henderfonus,
Qui gillirigs ante alios dansare solebat,
Et bobbare bene, & lassis hissare bonnat;
Duncan Olyphantus, valde stalwartus, et ejus
Filius eidestus, jolyboyus, atque oldmanulus,
Qui plenghare longo gadis drivare solebat;
Et Rob Gib, wantonus homo, atque Oliver Hutchis,
Et plouky-fac'd Watty Strang, atque inheed Allbender Aitken,
Et Willy Dick, heavy-arsus homo, pigerrimus omnium,
Qui valde in plicis naggum rubricasque faverem;
Valde lentus pugnare: sed bonus Congrevius heros
Nout-standus venit, atque illum sarcit ad arma.
Inisper his aderant Tom Taylor, & Henry Watsonus,
Et Tomy Gilchrist, & fool Jocky Robinsonus,
Andrew Allbenderius, & Jamy Tomsonus, & unus
Norland-lairdus homo, valde valde Anticovenanter,
Nostlus Geordanus, valde blacksmoodus; & alter
(Deil stick it, ignoro nomen) savery-beardius homo,
Qui portas dightavit, & ollas jecerat extra.
Denique, præ reliquis Geordanum affatur, & inquit,
Geordi mi formosane! igitur strenuissimus omnes,
Huc ades, & croftas fodicabor, hommasque, crelesque,
Breehammasque simul omnes bindato jumentis,
Ambitemque meum naggum, fattumque maritæ
Curforem, & reliquos trottantes sumito averos:
In cartis yokato omnes: extrahito muckam
Crofta per & riggas, atque ipsas ante fenestras
Neberus: & aliquid sin ipse contra loquatur,
In fyddas tu pone manus, & dicito, *Fart jadel*
Nec mora, fommanus equitor stankavit averos
Workmannusque ad workam omnes vocavit, & illi
Extemplo cartas bene sillavere jigantes.

Whillavers

" Jove quod ego ejus longum extrahebo thrapellum,
" Et sonoro flendo faciem, lugubresque quiesco hos:
" Ex capite extabo ferox, totumque videbo
" Heart-bloodum fluere in terram." Sic verba finivit,
Obstupuit Vitarva dea, dirtfaida; sed inde
Couragium accipiens, muckrelius ordine cunctos
Middini in medio faciem turnare coegit.
O qualem primo flavam gallassis in ipso
Battalli ensigio! pugnat muckrelius heros
Fortior, & muckam per posteriora cadentem
In crelibus flagolare ardet. Sic dicta volavit!
O quale hac hurly burly fuit! si forte vidisses
Pypantes arsas, & flavo sanguine breekas
Dripantes, hominumque heartas ad prælia faintas.
O qualis fry fury fuit! namque alteri nemo
Ne vel foothreddum yerde yeildare volebat;
Stout erat ambo quidem, valdeque hard-hearta caterva.
Tum vero e medio muckdrisser prosilit unus,
Gallantæus homo, & greggam minatur in ipsam
Nebornam, (quosdam milvo fraldaverat omnes),
Dirtavitque totam petticoatque gutture thicko,
Pearlinesque ejus shirtas, silkamque gownam,
Vasquinesque rubram, muckbergia begariavit.
Et tunc ille fuit valde faint-hearted, & ivit
Valde procul, meterus shottam woundamque profundum.
Sed nec valde procul furrat revenga in illum.
Extemplo Gillaea ferox invasit, & ejus
In faciem girnavit atrox, & tigrida fasta,
Bablestemque gripans berdam, sic dixit ad illum;
Vade domum, filthee nequam! aut te interficiabo.
Tunc cum gerculeo magnum fecit Gilly whippum,
Ingentemque manu flerdam levavit, & omnem
Gallanteei hominis gallibardam besmeavit:
Sume tibi hoc, inquit, sneesing valde operativum,
Pro præmio, swingere, tuo: tum denique flaido
Ingentem Gilly Wamphra dedit, validamque nevellam;
Ingeminatque iterum, donec bis fecerit ignem
Ambobus fugere ex oculis. Sic Gylla triumphat:
Obstupuit bombejudus homo, backumque repente
Turnavit, veluti nasus bleedasset, & O fy!
Ter quater exclamat, & O quam fude neesavit!
Diejunumque omne vomuit valde hungrius homo,

Laudavitque

Lanfiritque fugas atque hoſtis, miſeroſque viſit;
Et luggit multo lugentia, ſic cecinit olim
Non audax plerique Iaurum, ne verſa tulifſet,
Hinc Naberus videns yellavit pugile verbo,
Et fy fy! exclamat, prope nunc victoria noſtra eſt,
Nec mora, terribilem ſibilavit dira canonem,
Elatiſque hippis magno cum murmure fortes
Barytonum emiſit, veluti Monſeugga cruciſat.
Tum vero quacciarunt hoſtes, ſicutique repente
Sumpſerunt: retroſpexit Jackmannus, & ipſe
Sheep-headus metuit fugiensque ifiusque buleti.
Quod ſi King Spanie, Philippus nomine, ſeptem
Hiſce conſimiles habuiſſet forte canones
Battarare Sinifam, Sinifam dingaſſet in aſſam.
Aut ſi tot magnus Ludovicus forte habuiſſet
Ingentes fortes ad mœnia Montalbana,
Ipſam continuo townam dingaſſet in yerdum,
Exit Corngrevius, wracco omnia tendere videns,
Conſiliumque meum ſi non accipitis, inquit,
Pulchras fcartabo facies, & vos worriabo.
Sed needlo per fenſtram brodiatus, loquæ privatas
Partes flobbetus, gretans, lenitoſque grivatus,
Burlaſonis clamat, & dicit, O Deus! O God!
Quid multis? Sic fraya fuit, ſic guifa peracta eſt,
Una nec interea ſpillata eſt droppa cruoris.

PRELIUM.

GILLICRANKIANUM:

CANTILENA.

I.

GRAHMIUS notabilis congerat montanos,
Qui clypeis & gladiis fugarunt Anglicanos:
Fugerant Vallicolæ, atque Perthani;
Cecavere Batavi, & Caledonienses.

II.

GRANARIUS mirabilis, fortissimus Alcides,
Cujus REGI fuerat intemerata fides;
Agiles Monticolas morte intercepit,
Et duplicatum numerum hostium prostravit.

III.

Nobilis apparuit Fernesio-Dunensis,
Cujus in rebellis stringebatur ensis;
Nobilis est sanguine, nobilior virtute,
REGI & notissimus latus & in cute.

IV.

PITCURRIUS heroicus, Hostis Scoticanus,
Cui mens fidelis fuerat & invicta manus:
Capita rebellium ei exacerbavit;
Hostes unitissimos cuse dissipavit.

V.

GLENGARIUS magnanimus atque bellicosus,
Pugnax ut Æneas, pro REGE animosus;
Fortis atque strenuus hostes expugnavit,
Sanguine rebellium campos coloravit.

VI.

Fideliter surrexerat DONALDUS Insulanus,
Viriliter pugnaverat cum copiis Skyanis:
Pater atque filii non dissimularunt,
Sed pro REGE PROPRIO unanimes pugnarunt.

VII.

MACLEANIUS circumdatus tribu martiali,
Semper devinctissimus FAMILIÆ REGALI;
Fortiter pugnaverat more atavorum,
Deinde dissipaverat turmas Batavorum.

Strenuus

VIII.

Strenuus Locrrius, dulcis Ciceroni;
Hostes ense perculit, & Aberis pugnae;
Illos & intrepidus Circo dedicavit:
Impedimenta hostium Bisaco repetavit.

IX.

Macuillius de Burc, Glinnensis, Keppochanus,
Bellachius cum filio, Stuartus Appianus,
Pro Jacobo Septimo fortiter gessere;
Pugiles fortissimi feliciter vicere.

X.

Canonius clarissimus, Gallovidianus,
Acer & indomitus, consiliique satis;
Ibi dux adfuerat, spectabilis persona,
Nam pro tuenda patria huic peperit Bellona.

XI.

Doukaledoni dominum spiravere Gradivum,
Nobilis est juvenis, fortis & audax;
Nam cum nativum principem exulem audivit,
Redit ex Hungaria, ut Regi inserviret.

XII.

Hic etiam adfuerat Tutor Rosardorus,
Pugnavit & viriliter cum capite versutum;
Et ipse Capitaneus, aetate puerili,
Intentus est ad praelia spiritu virili.

XIII.

Glenmorcnistonus junior, optimus bellator,
Subito jam fusus est hostium Ventilor;
Perduelles Whiggios ut pecora prostravit,
Ense & fulmineo Mackaium fugavit.

XIV.

Regibus & legibus Scotici constantes;
Vos clypeis & tibiis pro patria pugnantes:
Vestra est victoria, vestra est & gloria;
In cantu & historia perennis est memoria.

The

The Old Way of KILLICRANKY.

CLAVERS, and his Highlandmen,
Came down upo' the Raw, Man;
Who being fleet, gave many a Cleet;
The Lads began to claw them.
With Sword and Targe into their Hand,
Wi' which they were nae slaw Man,
Wi' many a fearful heavy Sigh;
The Lads began to claw them.
O'er Bush, o'er Bank, o'er Ditch, o'er Stank,
She flang among them a' Man.
The Butter-Box got many Knocks,
Their Ringlens paid for a' thing.
They got their Paiks, wi' sudden Straiks,
Which gar their Grief they saw, Man;
Wi' Clinkum Clankum o'er their Crowns,
The Lads began to fa' them.
Her shipt about, her leapt about,
And flang among them a' Man.
The English Blades got broken Heads,
Their Crowns were clear'd in two then.
The Duck and † Door made their last Hour,
And prov'd their final fa' Man.
They thought the Devil had been there,
That play'd them fik a paw, then:
The Solemn League, and Covenant,
Came whigging up the Hills, Man,
Thought Highland Trows, durst not refuse,
For to subscribe their Bills then.
In *Willie's* Name they thought nae ane
Durst stop their Course at a' Man,
But her Name fell, wi' many a Knock,
Cry'd, *Fherich Whiggs awa'*, Man.
Sir Evan Du and his Men true,
Came linking up the Brink, Man.
The Hogan Dutch they feared such;
They bred a horrid Stink then.
The true MacLean, and his fierce Men,
Came in among them a' Man:
Nane durst withstand his heavy Hand,
All fled and ran awa' then.

† *Targe.*

Ob' on a Ri, Ob' on a Ri,
Why should she loss King *Shames*, Man?
Ob' Rig in di; Ob' Rig in di,
She shall break a' her Banes then:
With *Furichintsh*, an' fiay a While,
And speak a Word or twa Man,
She's gi' a Stralish, out o'er the Neck,
Before ye win awa' then.
O fy for Shame, ye're Three for Ane,
Hur Nane-fell's wun the Day, Man.
King *Shames'* Red-coats should be hung up,
Because they rin awi' then;
Had bent their Brows, like Highland Trows,
And made us lang a Stay, Man,
They'd fav'd their King, that hatred Thing,
And *Willie*'d run awa' then.
All Shentlemen and Cavaliers,
Come join with hur Nane-fell then,
For to root out the Dutch Rascals,
And ding them downs to Hell then.
We'll meet at anes for our King *Shames*,
And think it nae great Shame, Man,
To set him on his Royal Throne,
Let each Man say *Amen*, then.

A Song

FINIS